

Meanwhile, in Jadeborough, Daniel was dining with Wendy and Cecilia when Brandon's call came in.

The moment he heard the report, Daniel's expression changed drastically. "What? Vinson had the cheek to go straight to Luke? Did he say anything to you or Trevor?"

Brandon replied, "No, not at all... After turning me down at the airport, he left to meet Luke to sign the contract. But don't worry. I've ensured that Mr. Larson is on our side. He'll do everything in his power to help us thwart Nightshire Group's development plans in Horington. As long as Vinson fails to deliver on the project in Zaprington, he can forget about expanding his business to Horington."

Upon hearing that, Daniel felt a little more at ease.

"Okay. Continue to keep an eye on Vinson and keep me updated on his every move."

"Got it!"

As the call ended, doubt once again clouded Daniel's face.

Is Vinson truly this fearless, or is he just a fool? Our family would have been a formidable backup for him, yet he cast us aside in favor of Luke Yeager. Why would he team up with the very person that we loathe?

Noticing the change in Daniel's expression, Cecilia couldn't help but feel a tinge of worry. "You don't look

too good. Did something happen? What has Vinson done now?"

Daniel let out a deep sigh before repeating what Brandon had told him earlier.

Cecilia said through gritted teeth, "How dare he... Vinson's set on going against us, isn't he?"

Now, it was Wendy's turn to feel apprehensive.

With a trembling voice, she muttered, "Dad, do you think Vinson has found out about what we did to Arielle?"

Daniel replied while shaking his head, "That's impossible. I sent mercenaries after her. They wouldn't have leaked any information about me to that b*tch, so there's no way for her to trace them back to us."

"Then why would Vinson..."

Daniel interrupted with a derisive snort, "Because he's a hot-tempered fellow who can't stand his ego getting hurt. We might have come on too strong, so let's shift our focus to Susanne. Do your best on Monday. We can take things slow with regards to Horington..."

If everything had gone as planned with Trevor delaying Vinson's efforts, Vinson should've backed down by now. The fact that he didn't was entirely out of Daniel's expectations.

Despite that, Daniel soon got over his initial worries.

After all, as long as Trevor held his ground, it'd only be a matter of time before Vinson returned to the Greens for help.

That's right. There's no need to rush. Slow and steady wins the race, and our family will be the ones to persevere till the end!

Wendy, on the other hand, was plagued by a growing unease.

Having lost her appetite, she decided to skip the desserts and return to her room to study.

No matter what, Wendy was determined to get into Maxwell University. Everyone knew that those who graduated from there were the cream of the crop, so even if Vinson didn't want her, Susanne wouldn't brush her off.

That's right. I have to work even harder!

With her motivation renewed, Wendy hit the books as she forced herself to prepare for Maxwell University's early admission examination.

Meanwhile, in the emergency room in Rocher Private Hospital, Arielle handed a blood-stained scalpel to the lead surgeon.

“I'll let you wrap things up here. I'm going to take a rest first,” she said wearily.

“Of course, go ahead!” the surgeon exclaimed as he

gazed at Arielle in awe.

The surgery had been one of the most dangerous and complicated procedures ever encountered, yet Arielle had handled it with such skill and efficiency.

Once she was out of sight, the assistant surgeon hurriedly asked, “Is it done? Is the patient fine now?”

The lead surgeon nodded, still impressed with what Arielle had done. “Other than having to rest in bed, everything else will be back to normal for him in less than three days.”

“Oh, my goodness... She's a miracle doctor.”

“Yes, she's the miracle doctor with the healing touch.”



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Arielle had barely taken a few steps out of the operating room when she collapsed in a heap.

Thankfully, Jordan and Carter, who had been waiting outside, promptly rushed to her aid.

Jordan took the lead and held Arielle's waist, pulling her into his embrace as he did.

The next second, however, he screamed and pushed her toward Carter.

“What's wrong with you, Jordan?” Carter scolded while holding onto Arielle.

Alas, Jordan didn't seem to hear anything as he stared at his hands in wide-eyed shock.

“What are you doing?” Carter once again asked. “Come help me!”

Jordan mumbled, his face drained of color. “Sh*t, I'm done for.. I touched her inappropriately, and Vin will kill me if he finds out about it. I have to wash my hands! I have to get rid of all traces.”

Carter bristled with anger as he bellowed, “Jordan Baker! Come back here!”

“Let me wash my hands first!”

With that, Jordan sped off.

“Argh, what an imbecile,” Carter grumbled, knowing he

had no other choice but to help Arielle back to the ward by himself.

If it had been any other woman, he'd have carried them in his arms. Arielle, however, was an exception.

Carter wasn't about to do anything that might incur Vinson's jealousy, so he could only place Arielle's hand on his shoulder as he dragged her away from the emergency room.

Fortunately, a few nurses soon spotted them and helped lead Arielle into a VIP ward.

Upon getting wind of what had happened, the lead surgeon hurried over to personally check on Arielle before putting her on an IV drip.

“What's wrong with Arielle?” Carter asked worriedly.

The lead surgeon sighed and replied, “As you know, traditional Chanaean medicine is wondrous and profound. Ms. Moore had blown us all away with her medical expertise and skills, but she also warned us that her treatment method, though effective, would also drain a lot of energy. Her condition may be stable for now, but she's going to need a lot of rest. With this IV drip and proper nutrition, she should be back to her old self in no time at all. That said, Ms. Moore has anemia, so that's even more reason for her to take better care of herself. If she continues to work herself to the bone, who knows how it might affect her health in the future?”

“I understand. Thank you for your help,” Carter answered with a grateful nod.

“Don't mention it. Well then, Mr. Morgan, I shall take my leave now. The patient in the emergency room has gotten transferred to the ICU, and I have to check on him.”

“Of course, go ahead.”

After watching the surgeon leave, Carter turned to look at Arielle.

Just as he was about to reach for his phone to contact Vinson, Arielle suddenly shot a hand out to grab his wrist.

Carter's initial shock was quickly replaced with relief when he saw that Arielle had opened her eyes. “You're awake?”

“Yes,” Arielle replied with a slight nod. “Are you about to call Vinson?”

“That's right. Given your current state, if I don't inform him—”

Before Carter could finish his sentence, Arielle interrupted, “No, keep it from him for the time being. Before he left for Horington, he had reiterated how important the trip was to him. Besides, he should be coming back soon. Let's not distract or worry him.”

Carter remained silent for a moment before letting out a

chuckle. “You and Vinson are truly made for each other.”

“Why do you suddenly say that?”

“Do you still remember that cruise incident?”

“Yes.”

“The truth was, Vinson didn't want to put you in any more danger, so he used himself as bait. He succeeded in luring those guys out, but unfortunately, the mastermind didn't fall for the trap.”

Arielle listened in stunned silence, her heart hammering away in her chest.

“I can't believe Vinson did that. He thinks far too highly of himself, doesn't he?”



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More importantly, Arielle couldn't believe that she didn't know anything about Vinson using himself as bait. What else has he secretly done for me?

“Aren't you the same?” Carter remarked as he swept a glance at Arielle. “You didn't make yourself clear earlier about the patient you were trying to save. Is he an enemy of yours? What on earth happened to you?”

“I...”

“Since you won't let me call Vin, you'll have to come clean with me. If anything happens to you, Vin's going to blame me for it, so please understand my need to keep you safe and sound.”

Left with no other choice, Arielle blurted everything out about Wendy.

The more Carter listened, the more solemn his expression became.

He said coldly, “The Greenes truly deserve to go to hell. Then again, Vin does have plans to expand his business to Horington. Horington has been developing rapidly over the past years, and its GDP is now almost on par with Jadeborough. I know it's not the best time to wage war with the Greenes at this crucial juncture, but it'd be a different story if we can take them down in a single strike.”

“That's what I thought too, which is why I'm keeping the matter from Vinson for now. However, I've already contacted the Specialized Forces to gather all the evil

deeds that the Greenses had committed. Once we have the evidence, we'll be able to destroy them.”

Pleased with Arielle's plan, Carter nodded in agreement.

Rather than alert the Greenses and give them the chance to take precautions, it'd be far wiser to lie low and bide their time. Once they had gathered the evidence, they could then take the Greenses out once and for all.

Even though the mercenaries sent by the Greenses had failed in their mission to kidnap and kill Arielle, the Greenses could always hire top-notch lawyers to plead their case down to a slap on the wrist. Simply put, Carter knew that such lawsuits wouldn't hurt the Greenses at all.

The Specialized Forces might be for special situations, but even they didn't have the right to arrest anyone without evidence.

Thinking of that, Carter looked at Arielle in admiration. “Boss, you truly have the patience of a saint. Anyone else in your situation, including me, would've stormed up to the Greenses. I have to take my hat off to you.”

Arielle let out a bitter laugh. “If you also had to go undercover in the Southall family and endure months of humiliation, you'd have this kind of patience too.”

After all, Arielle knew better than anyone else how important it was to cultivate patience. Nothing good ever came out of hurry and frustration, including revenge.

Holding Carter's gaze, she added, "That's why I need you to keep this from Vinson for now. The plan has to be foolproof."

"Understood. I'll keep this secret for you."

As soon as Carter said that, the door to the ward was pushed open.

Jordan strode in, looking utterly confused. "Huh? What secret?"

Carter said calmly, "It's nothing. We decided that it'd be better not to tell Vin about this fainting spell lest he panic and lose focus at work."

Jordan replied with a nod, "Oh, I see. Don't worry. I'm more than happy to keep this a secret too!"

If Vin found out that I had accidentally touched Arielle's waist, I'm sure he'd beat me to a pulp. On a side note, Arielle's waist sure is slim!

Just then, Carter's phone rang, and he promptly answered it.

A few moments later, however, his face fell. "I have to go to Harvey's."

"Why? What's wrong with him?" Arielle asked.

Carter sighed in exasperation. "He refuses to take the medicine you've prescribed, so I'll have to talk some sense into him."

Arielle's face clouded over as she nodded. "Hurry on, then. I merely fainted from exhaustion, but everything's fine now. I'll head back once I complete the IV drip."



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Carter nodded and turned toward Jordan. “Stay here with Boss and send her home later, Jordan. I'll head over to Harvey's now.”

“Got it!” Jordan replied enthusiastically. Given how careless he was with words, he didn't want to risk riling Harvey up either.

As such, it was a far better idea to stay put with Arielle instead.

Soon, Carter left and made his way toward Harvey's ward that was situated just one floor below Arielle's.

Before he stepped into the ward, Harvey's voice rang out from inside.

“I already said I won't take the medicine she prepared!”

Carter shook his head and entered the room, only to see Jared standing beside Harvey with a bowl of medicine.

Jared explained, “Harvey, this medicine wasn't prepared by Boss. It was the hospital that made it. You can ask around if you don't believe me.”

“Stop lying to me. I don't want to repeat myself anymore.”

Carter finally stepped forward and chimed in, “Harvey, take the medicine.”

Harvey's gaze softened a little when he heard Carter's voice, but the frown soon returned.

“I don't want anything that's hers.”

Carter replied, “Who told you this is hers? She isn't any better than you right now, so how would she have the energy to prepare your medicine?”

Harvey immediately froze. “What happened to her?”

Then, realizing he had accidentally shown his concern for Arielle, he quickly added, “No, don't tell me. I don't want to know.”

Pursing his lips, Carter replied with a tinge of annoyance, “Whether you want to know or not, she's now staying in a ward upstairs. As for the medicine, I can swear on my life that she wasn't the one who prepared it. Now, will you drink it?”

“I—”

“Stop being wishy-washy,” Carter interrupted as he took over the medicine from Jared. “You're not a child. You should know what's best for you. Rather than being cooped up in the ward, wouldn't it be better to get well soon so you can get discharged? You will then be free to do whatever you like, and she won't know your whereabouts either. Besides, can you bear to see Old Mr. Jupiter running to and fro between places at his age? Do you want him to tire himself out because of you?”

Eventually, Harvey accepted the medicine with much reluctance and drank it in one gulp.

Carter finally breathed a sigh of relief as he turned to look at Jared. “Old Mr. Jupiter used to think that you were the most stubborn one, but from the looks of it now, that title should belong to your brother.”

“I can hear you, you know?” Harvey grumbled, then turned to Jared. “Don't worry, Jared. I've thought it through. I'll go along with the treatment and leave this godforsaken place as soon as possible. You don't have to stay here. The nurses will take care of me.”

“It's all right. It's the weekend anyway, and it's not like I have anything to do at home,” Jared replied.

Ever since Harvey got hospitalized, Jared realized just how reliant he was on his brother.

However, it was also because of this incident that Jared became more mature.

Carter once again turned his attention toward Jared. “You're now in Jadeborough University's regular class, aren't you? I heard that Mr. Brown's allotting one of Maxwell University's early admission spots to your class. If you're worried about your family, you should all the more be preparing for the exam instead of babysitting this stubborn fellow.”



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After a moment of silent contemplation, Jared finally made up his mind. “Very well. I shall head home now, Harvey. The exam's on Monday, so I'll have to revise for it.”

“Go ahead,” Harvey replied, waving his hand as Jared took his leave.

When he saw Carter still in the room, Harvey added, “You should go too. Isn't Rocher Private Hospital planning to open a few other branches? Don't waste your time on a stubborn fellow like me when you have more important matters to tend to.”

“Oh? But are you sure you'll go along with the hospital treatment?”

“Oh, for crying out loud, yes! Stop treating me like a child.”

“Fine,” Carter answered, feeling a lot more relieved. “Call me if you need anything. I'll go back to work now.”

“Yes, hurry up and get lost. I want to get some rest.”

With that, Carter gave a quick nod and left.

Harvey closed his eyes, but his hearing remained alert to the sounds outside his ward.

When the sound of footsteps completely disappeared, Harvey's eyes shot open, only to land on the wheelchair beside his bed.

I can't believe they even prepared a wheelchair for me. I had heart surgery, for goodness' sake! It's not like my legs are gone.

Bristling with irritation, Harvey lightly pressed against his wound as he struggled to get out of bed.

After opening the door and making sure no one was looking, he hurried toward the staircase.

Even though it was only a short flight of steps, it took Harvey more than ten minutes to make his way upstairs.

Arielle... I wonder which ward she's in.

Just as Harvey was about to knock on every door till he found the right one, Jordan's voice boomed out from one of the wards. "Ah, I remember! The value of pi is 3.18! Isn't that right?"

Harvey's eyes lit up as he quickly walked toward the ward.

As expected, Arielle's voice rang out. "No, it's 3.14... Jordan, why don't you head home if you're bored? I can stay here by myself."

"No way. You're seriously ill, and Vin isn't around. If I leave, you'd be all alone."

Harvey's brow knitted into a frown after he heard Jordan's words.

Seriously ill? She did look rather pale when I saw her

the last time. What illness is she suffering from, though?

Harvey remained deep in thought when a hand suddenly landed on his shoulder.

He whipped his head around and got the shock of his life when he realized it was Carter.

“Y-You—”

However, before he could get any more words out, Carter had covered his mouth. “Hush. Follow me downstairs.”

Two minutes later, they were both back in Harvey's ward.

Carter looked on incredulously as Harvey climbed into bed. “You're clearly still concerned about her, yet you keep whining about not wanting her medicine. Harvey Jupiter, what's the matter with you?”

“I...” Harvey muttered, his face turning red as a tomato. “It's none of your business! Besides, you got it all wrong! I wasn't showing concern. I was just curious!”

“Oh, yeah? If that were the case, you wouldn't have dragged yourself upstairs in this condition. Arielle fainted from overexertion, but she's free to leave after her IV drip.”

“Didn't I say I wasn't interested in her? Why are you telling me this?”

“Because you're still feeling weak! I can't have you wandering about in this condition,” Carter scolded. Then he heaved a sigh. “Forget it. Do whatever you like. However, if you're keen on saving this friendship, I'd strongly advise you to talk it out with her.”

Harvey once again furrowed his brows. “I already said I'm not interested! How many times must I repeat myself? Why would I bother myself with a married woman? Just wait and see. I'll find myself a girlfriend as soon as I get discharged!”

Carter said with a smirk, “That better be the case. All right, I have to get going now. Have a good rest.”



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Meanwhile, in Horington, Trevor had swiftly acquired all the companies that manufactured construction materials.

His assistant, however, couldn't help but voice his concerns. "Mr. Larson, we've drained all our accounts and even mortgaged our branch offices to take out loans. If Mr. Nightshire doesn't give in to us within a week, we'll be bankrupt. Don't you think you should reconsider your actions?"

Trevor's expression instantly became sullen. "Well, it's too late for regrets. Besides, shouldn't you have persuaded me back when we stood Vinson up? What's the use of saying all these now? Since you have so much time on your hand, I want you to spread the news. Let Vinson know the price he has to pay for going against the Greenes and us!"

"Yes, I'm on it..." the assistant murmured before slinking away.

At Nightshire Group's branch office in Horington, Vinson was about to depart for the airport when the branch manager came looking for him.

"Mr. Nightshire, Mr. Luke Yeager is here."

"Luke Yeager?"

After a moment's thought, Vinson settled back into his chair. "All right, send him in."

"Yes!"

Before long, Luke strode into the office with a grim look on his face.

Question marks flooded Vinson's mind as he gave Luke a once-over. "Mr. Yeager, what happened? Are you not happy with the contract?"

Luke hastily replied, "No, no. There's no problem with the contract. It's Trevor."

"Trevor Larson?"

At the mention of Trevor's name, Luke gritted his teeth in anger.

"When Trevor found out that I was working with you, he bought out all the construction material manufacturers in Horington. How am I supposed to get my hands on materials for my construction needs? How on earth do I build anything at all? Trevor is just out to destroy me!"

Luke was expecting Vinson to blow his top, but to his surprise, Vinson remained calm.

"Mr. Nightshire, did you hear what I said?" Luke asked warily.

"Of course, I'm not deaf." Vinson then stared at Luke and added, "More importantly, Mr. Yeager, you haven't gone through the proposal in detail, have you?"

Luke flinched and scratched his head sheepishly. "I was so happy that I haven't had a chance to look at it... But

don't worry, I've handed it to my subordinates. They're preparing for it as we speak.”

Vinson's lips curled into a wry smile as he handed a copy of the proposal over to Luke.

“Since we have time now, why don't you give it a read?”

Despite feeling befuddled, Luke did as instructed.

It didn't take long before he looked up from the proposal and exclaimed, “Oh, you're not constructing buildings. You're constructing the world's biggest theme park!”

“That's right,” Vinson replied with a nod. He then explained, “I plan to build a theme park that's suitable for all ages. I've purchased the land, but you don't have to rush to start construction. Let's wait till we get the design blueprints from the other party.”

“But... If I can't get my hands on any building materials, I still won't be able to build a theme park.”

Vinson raised his chin and smirked. “Carry on reading.”

Luke nodded and buried his nose in the proposal.

Not long after, he cried out in surprise, “What? The other party agreed to provide all materials? They're even shipping them over from Epea?”



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Vinson nodded. “That's right. So you see, I won't need to purchase any building materials here. The project manager in Epea has insisted that we use their materials since the theme of our park is of their cartoon characters. They'll pay for all the shipping fees, and the material cost will be the same as what we get in Horington. What they're asking for in return is ten percent of the profits once we get the theme park up and running. In any case, you only have to concentrate on building the theme park according to their design.”

Luke bubbled over with excitement as the realization hit him.

“That means it wouldn't matter even if Trevor buys over all the materials available in Chanaea because you've never intended to use any here!”

Vinson, who was still as composed as ever, gave a slight nod. “Exactly.”

Unbeknownst to Luke, Vinson never wanted to go along with Epea's proposal of using their materials, nor did he want to give them a cut of the profits.

He was more than happy to have his theme park entirely made in Chanaea, but knowing that Trevor and the Greenes would do anything to thwart his plan, Vinson had no choice but to work with Epea.

Luke nodded fervently, his joy even more palpable than before.

“Oh, good! Everything's working out brilliantly! I no

longer have to worry about the stunts that Trevor might pull! Ha, I'll break the news to him now! He bought over all the manufacturers, but when he finds out we'd never give in to him, I'm sure he'd flip his lid!"

Vinson said, "Don't tell him for the time being. He'll find out sooner or later anyway, but the later he knows about it, the worse it is for him."

"Yes, yes. I'm sure this mass acquisition has sucked him dry. Alas, he'd still need money to run the company, so at the end of the day, his losses are going to spiral out of control!" Luke said gleefully, almost bursting into laughter.

Over the years, Trevor had become bolder with the Greenes' support and tried sabotaging Luke's career at every turn. If it weren't for Luke's abilities and good reputation, his business would've crashed and burned a while ago.

As such, Luke could barely contain his ecstasy at the prospect of Trevor going bankrupt.

More importantly, he couldn't wait to see the look of utter devastation on Trevor's face.

Vinson cleared his throat. "So? Do you still have any other worries?"

"No, not at all!" Luke replied, shaking his head. "I'll take my leave now and let you get back to your—"

Before Luke could finish his sentence, he was

interrupted by the branch office manager knocking on the door.

“Mr. Nightshire, we've just received a call from Epea. They'd be doing a site visit in Zaprington tomorrow and would also like to sign the contract with you.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Yes. As for your flight ticket, would you like me to—”

“Fine, return it,” Vinson answered with a tired sigh.

“Book a ticket for tomorrow instead.”

Tomorrow's Monday, and Arielle's results are coming out. No matter what, I'm going back to throw her a celebratory dinner.

With that, the manager gave a polite bow and left the room.

“All right, I shan't disturb you anymore,” Luke said as he followed suit.

With the both of them finally gone, Vinson took out his phone and dialed Arielle's number.

For some reason, he had been feeling very uneasy the entire day. He hadn't checked in with Arielle since he thought he'd be able to fly back to her that day. Now that his plan had changed, he'd have to call her instead.

After just a couple of rings, the call went through.

“Sannie, where are you now?”

Arielle, who was preparing to get discharged from the hospital, froze for a moment. She was about to reply to Vinson when a nurse beside her spoke up. “Ms. Moore, are you done with the IV drip?”

Nodding stiffly, Arielle quickly held her phone and walked to an empty corner.

“Hello?”

Vinson's tone was a lot more solemn now. “What's wrong with you?”



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Arielle's heart skipped a beat. Oh, no. I think Vinson's on to me.

She tried her best to calm her nerves but to no avail.

“Nothing's wrong with me,” she finally said, taking a big gulp as she did. “I came to the hospital to visit Teddy's mother.”

“That's all?”

“Yes, that's all.”

“Okay, then I'll buy a flight ticket now.”

Arielle instantly reeled back. “What? Are you done with work?”

“No, but I do want to see you. I'll return to Horington once I know you're all right.”

Arielle bit her lips in exasperation. I knew it. Vinson's figured out that something's happened to me. I can't hide it from him any longer.

“Okay, okay. Something did happen to me earlier. But I've been put on an IV drip, and I'm fine now.”

“What happened?” Vinson asked, his voice low and deep.

Arielle couldn't help but let out a heavy sigh.

I've done my darndest, yet I still can't hide anything

from Vinson.

“It's the Greenes... They've put a target on me.”

Arielle quickly summarized how the Greenes had sent mercenaries after her and added, “I swear I didn't get hurt at all, so you don't have to make a trip back for me. Besides, I've already approached the Specialized Forces. They were very respectful and have also gone along with my plan. They're digging up information on the Greenes as we speak.”

Vinson replied coldly, “I got it. I guess it'd be better to take you with me everywhere I go so others can't take advantage of the situation. As for the Greenes, don't worry about it. I'll make sure they get what they deserve.”

Anyone who dares mess with my woman is just digging their own graves!

“Okay. By the way, I'm sorry,” Arielle muttered. “I know I shouldn't have kept this from you, but I was afraid that it'd affect you. It's just like the time when you didn't tell me about Turlen. I was so scared that you'd do something rash and put yourself in harm's way.”

“I know you mean well... But Sannie, you have to trust me more. I'd never put myself in danger. After all, I can't bear the thought of leaving you behind.”

Before Arielle knew it, tears had begun streaming down her face.

She had no idea why she was crying, but hearing Vinson's voice greatly comforted her. It was also only with him that Arielle could show her most vulnerable side.

The two of them settled into an easy conversation until Jordan's shout snapped Arielle back to reality. "All right, I won't hold you up anymore," she said, clutching her phone tight.

"Sure. But the next time something like this happens again, you have to tell me immediately, okay?"

"Okay."

"Good. Go home and get some rest then. Your health is more important than anything else. But if you really must go to the school archive, please let Blake and Sasha accompany you."

"I will."

Alas, Vinson continued to nag so much that he reluctantly hung up the call only when Jordan started to rush them.

He leaned back in his chair as a flash of cold darkness went through his gaze.

The Greenes have gotten too smug with the power they have. Do I not matter? Am I only for show?

Without hesitation, Vinson called for his manager.

“Mr. Nightshire, what can I do for you?”

Upon seeing Vinson's icy death stare, the manager became sick with fear.

“M-Mr. Nightshire? D-Did I do something wrong?”



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“It's nothing to do with you,” Vinson said, softening his expression a little. “I do have a task for you, though.”

“Please, go ahead.”

“I want you to collate all the scandals you can find on Greene Corporation by ten o'clock. Besides that, get me a detailed list of the companies that have worked with them in the last year.”

The manager immediately straightened his back. Mr. Nightshire's finally going to deal with the Greenes!

“I'll do so right away!”

“Oh, I'll also need you to get me a ticket for the latest flight out tonight. I want to make a quick trip to Jadeborough.”

The manager stared back in bewilderment as he reminded, “But the people from Epea are arriving tomorrow, and you have a contract to sign. Will you be coming back to Horington today?”

“I'll be in Jadeborough for a few hours and return on an early flight in the morning.”

That made the manager even more perplexed. What on earth is going on? Why is there a need to rush to and fro?

However, given how cold with fury Vinson was, the manager knew better than to ask any further.

He nodded and replied, “Understood. I'll forward you the flight information once I've booked the tickets.”

With that, the manager quickly turned and left.

Meanwhile, Daniel, who was miles away in Jadeborough, suddenly sneezed.

Rubbing his nose, he couldn't help but feel a sudden sense of foreboding.

What's wrong with me? I've been so distracted that I even spaced out several times during the videoconference. I never used to be like this.

Cecilia, who had just walked in with tea, noticed the look on her husband's face and once again grew concerned. “What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?”

Daniel nodded faintly. “Yes, a little. I'm not used to how dry it is over here. As soon as we've settled Wendy's matter, we'll head home.”

At the mention of their daughter, Cecilia sighed. “Wendy has locked herself in her room for an entire afternoon. She's now saying she doesn't want dinner because she has to concentrate on her revision.”

“Isn't that good?” Daniel said as he closed his laptop. “In all these years, less than a hundred people from Chanaea have gotten into Maxwell University. If Wendy successfully gets in, she'll be our family's pride and joy. And when that happens, I bet Susanne will be more than happy to have Wendy as her daughter-in-law.”

“Yes, it's good that she's studying so hard,” Cecilia replied in a hushed tone. “But I also noticed that she's been staring at the same page for the longest time. I think she can't get that little vixen out of her head. Do you think we should send someone again tonight to do the deed? I'm sure Wendy can study better when she knows the vixen is dead.”

To her surprise, Daniel rejected the idea. “No, we've already alerted them this afternoon. If we sent someone again, they'd be more than prepared to fight back. We can't risk giving ourselves away. Anyway, the results will be out tomorrow. Wendy told me that the vixen's results are nowhere as good as hers. It'd be easy for Susanne to realize just who would be a better daughter-in-law.”

Cecilia sighed again. “Very well, then. We can only rest our hopes on Wendy. For the sake of our family, she has to take first place.”

“Of course she will. Wendy has always been first in everything since young,” Daniel reassured, confident that his daughter would never let him down.

Soon, the sky grew dark as night approached.

When Arielle finally returned to Maple Mansion, she couldn't shake off the feeling that there were many pairs of eyes following her.

Curious, she asked Sasha and Blake about it. As it turned out, Vinson had strengthened the security detail around Maple Mansion as soon as he learned that the

Greenes had sent mercenaries.



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“Ms. Moore, Mr. Nightshire has given us the kill order. We can't let anything untoward happen to you again,” Sasha said with a stern expression.

Even though the Greenes' mercenaries were hardly a threat to Arielle, the fact that they carried guns did justify the need for added security.

Arielle replied, “Got it. You don't all have to be on the lookout, though. Take turns for the guard duty. I doubt the Greenes would dare to send anyone back.”

“Understood.”

With that, Arielle smiled and ruffled Blake's hair before walking into the mansion.

Vinson's arrangement might have been over the top, but even Arielle had to agree that it did give her a greater sense of peace and security.

I suppose this is the advantage of having a powerful backer.

Previously, Arielle had made a lot of ravioli for Vinson and kept the leftovers in the freezer. Even after defrosting and cooking them for dinner, their taste was still impeccable.

A glint flashed across Arielle's eyes as she reached for her phone and rang up the manager of Maureen's Kitchen.

“Ms. Moore!” he exclaimed as soon as he answered the

phone. “Our sales today have gone up by another fifty percent! If we keep this up, we'll be able to open another outlet soon.”

“That's what I planned on discussing with you too,” Arielle chimed in. “After this busy period, I'd be able to focus on the preparations for a second outlet. Before that, however, I'd like to introduce a new dish for the restaurant. I'll swing by tomorrow after school and let the chef have a taste. If he approves of it, we can give this dish out to attract customers during the opening of the new outlet.”

“Will do. I'll inform Glenn about it.”

Arielle had just ended the call with the manager when Trisha's call came in almost immediately.

Without hesitation, Arielle answered it.

“Trish?”

“Sannie, there's something I forgot to tell you.”

Arielle hummed as she swallowed her ravioli. “What is it?”

“Tomorrow's Monday, and as usual, our school will be holding a charity auction. There will also be a flea market in the afternoon, where people usually bring along knick-knacks or food items to sell. The money collected will either be donated to poorer students or used to build schools in the poor rural areas.”

“Oh? That's news to me. What about the charity auction?”

“It starts at half-past four in the auditorium. The school will auction items donated by well-known alumni, and all auction proceeds will also go toward the donations.” After a pause, Trisha added, “Do you know which rural region our school will be helping this year?”

“Which one?”

“It's the one where Teddy's from!”

Trisha had learned about Teddy from Arielle, so naturally, this piece of news excited them very much.

“Oh, wow, Teddy's hometown, huh?” Arielle remarked.

“Yes! So, shall we take part in the flea market tomorrow?”

“Sure!”

“What should we sell then?” Trisha asked. “Hmm... Maybe I could sell my Lego figurines.”

Arielle was still racking her brains when the sight of her ravioli gave her an idea. “Then I'll sell some food items.”

“Food? What kind?”

“You'll find out tomorrow.”

“Okay! I've eaten your food before, so I'm very much looking forward to it. I'll even skip tomorrow's lunch to support you!”

“Haha! Thank you in advance then,” Arielle replied before ending the call with Trisha.

She quickly finished her dinner and made her way back into the kitchen again.

If I'm going to sell them, I'll have to make a lot more.

Since Arielle had planned on introducing her ravioli as a dish for her restaurant outlet, the flea market would provide a good opportunity for her to test out how well-received it'd be.



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